

Onward to Halo

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Summary: Take a trip in the daily life of your average trooper. Partly based on the storyline of Halo:Combat Evolved and Halo 2.

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May 1, 2552

Day 1 of active duty.

Dear Journal,

Sergeant says a real man would never keep a personal recollection of their life, only an accurate log of daily activities and such. All of the other men are doing it, either in secret or openly. Everyone else says that keeping a journal can help relieve stress; maybe in a few years I will just look back at this and smile; or maybe I will look back at what my life once was and frown upon my actions.

Today actually started out like what I had expected, yet then again today was also special. Master Chief was going to visit our outpost. Everyone was so excited to meet the one and only Master Chief. I am somewhat scared; this is the one man that has helped lead humanity to victory against the Flood and Covenant on Halo. He has single handedly wiped out thousands after thousands, without a single thought. I will finally get to meet my personal role model.

Our outpost is in shambles. Everyone is running around trying to get everything just right for the arrival of the Master Chief. Some other crew members are even stringing up decorations in their quarters, just like our own private holiday here. Here; wherever here is, no one really knows, some probably don't even care.

Our location is simply a number, scattered somewhere across the vast reaches of space. 22359, is the faithful number of our lonely world. When you look at my encampment, you realize that this number can take on a life of its own. We are here; we are there; we are nowhere at all. We are posted on an uninhabited planet; nothing here to look at except for the pale gray skies and the swaying of the tall grassy plains in the distance. I feel so far away from the home that I once cherished, and now here I am, millions of miles away, trying to defend my way of life from a group of aggressors that I have never even seen face to face.

I've been told that when a Covenant Elite stares you in the face, you get a look into their soul. I would love to stare into the face of my enemy; to make them cower and bow to my will, or to be burned to ashes in my trail. With my titanium fist, a magazine of bullets at my side, and 2 SMGs in hand, I plan to kill everything that will even attempt to stand up to me in combat.

I still wonder how Master Chief does it; staring down his opponents and takes their life, just for his own pleasure, never looking back to ask himself if the thing he just killed mattered at all to the universe. I guess that is why I am writing in a journal. The simulated battles have prepared my eye, but not my conscience. When I kill a holographic representation, I feel nothing, that's all that it is, just an image, nothing more. When I will have to kill another living creature, I don't know what I will feel.

This journal should help me with the regret. I know a man would never cry in front of another, or even a superior officer; in here, I can finally cry. I can finally afford to let out my emotions after a day of whatever may come by. Whether it may be a birthday, a baby born at home, the death of a kin, or even the pain that may come with each dreary day to pass just like the one before and the one surely to come.

I think I should stop writing now, I've written enough already. Master Chief is about to arrive. I want to badly be present for this occasion; I can feel it already, today is going to be a day to remember.

End  
file.